

The history

And there the strawy Greekes ripe for his edge
Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,
Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,
Dexterity so obaying appetite,
That what he will he do's, and do's so much:
That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Vlisses.

Vliss. Oh courage, courage Princes, great *Achilles*,
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
That noselesse, handlelesse, hackt and chipt come to him.
Crying on *Hector*, *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and hee is armed and at it:
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantastique execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that lust in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*.

Exit.

Dio. I there, there?

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-queller shew thy face,

Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry

Hector wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*.

Exit.

Enter Ajax. *Troilus* thou coward *Troilus* shew thy head.

Enter Diom. *Troilus* I say wher's *Troilus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the generall thou shouldst haue my office,
Ere that correction? *Troilus* I say what *Troilus*.

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Oh traytor *Diomed*, turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha art thou there?

Ajax Ile fight with him alone stand *Diomed*.

Diom.

of Troilus and Cresseida.

Diom. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troy. Come both you cogging Greekes haue at you both.

Hect. Yea *Troilus*, O well fought my yongest brother.

Enter Achil. Now do I see thee ha, haue at thee *Hector*.

Hect. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy curtesie proud Trojan,

Be happy that my armes are out of vic:

My rest and negligence be friends thee now,

But thou anon shalt here of me againe:

Till when goe seeke thy fortune.

Exit.

Hect. Fare thee well.

I would haue beene much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee, how now my brother.

Enter Troyl.

Troy. *Ajax* hath tane *Aeneas* shall it be,

No by the flame of yonder glorious heauen

He shall not carry him ile be tane to,

Or bring him off, fate here me what I say:

I wreake not though I end my life to day.

Exit.

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand thou Greeke, thou art a goodly marke,

No? wilt thou not. I like thy armor well,

Ile frush it and vni'ock the riucts all:

But ile be maister of it, wilt thou not beast abide,

Why then flie on, ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*,

Marke what I say, attend me where I wheele:

Strike not a stroke, but keepe your selues in breth,

And when I haue the bloody *Hector* found:

Empale him with your weapons round about,

In sellest manner execut your armes

Follow me sirs and my proceedings eye,

It is decreed *Hector* the great must die.

Exit.

Enter Therfi: Mene: Paris.

Ther. The cuck-old and the cuck-old-maker are at it,
now bull, now dogge lowe, *Paris* lowe, (now my double
hen'd spartan, lowe *Paris*, lowe the bull has the game, ware
hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelas.

Enter